Bid Day

Over 600 girls filled Heritage Hall, each one anxious for the moment we had all been waiting for. After two weeks of image polishing and kissing ass, the time had come to reveal which letters we would call our own. One name was on that bid. The name that would change your life forever and virtually define you for the rest of your time at college. This was Bid Day.

My whole life I’ve dreamed of college. No curfews, interesting classes, independence, but most importantly, the Greek system. Aside from the unbreakable bonds of sisterhood and philanthropic opportunities I dreamed of the parties, the boys, and the sheer status of going Greek. It was no surprise to my family when I announced that I had decided to rush fall semester just as they had during their college days. However, it wasn’t until the final moments in which I began to doubt the single most concrete part of my college plan.

The anxiety in the room was palpable as we were instructed to sit on our bids like the pea to the princess. 30 minutes of Panhellenic schmoozing had passed and my manila envelope remained unopened, burning a hole of anxiety in my behind. Girls held hands and hugged for good luck as they awaited the moment we were instructed to open our bids, revealing which sorority we were soon to be a part of. Some nervously twiddled their thumbs while others concentrated on their breathing- anything to stay calm. My insides fluttered and my heart pounded inside my chest, beating faster with every second. It felt like Christmas morning on acid, the anticipation almost unbearable, the feelings electrified.

Inside that manila envelope was my future. It was my sisters, my creed, my colors, my living situation, the next four years of my life. It took every bit of restraint for me not to try and peek at what was waiting inside. Leading up to Bid Day, I envisioned what it would be like to open my bid for the first time- nothing short of a dramatic reaction. There would be tears, laughter, jumping, and group hugs. I would tell my granddaughters about this day when they rushed, reminiscing on what was supposed to be one of the happiest days of my life.

*This is what you have been waiting for,* I thought to myself in my last few moments of solitude. The final seconds approached and on the count of three we were instructed to open our bids. The room exploded with squeals of excitement and we tore apart our envelopes like crazy animals. Just as I had expected girls cried out of happiness and pushed though the crowd to find their new best friends. I however, was not one of those girls. I remained seated; more still and quiet than I had ever been in my life. Amid all the screaming and noise, I only heard silence. Dead silence. In my hands lay a bid from my last choice sorority. I couldn’t breathe for what seemed like minutes, and my vision became blurry-hazy from the tears forming in my eyes. I was living in a nightmare that I couldn’t wake up from. I reached out my hand to the ground for support, praying to God I wouldn’t pass out right then and there, amid the chaos.

“I have to get out of here. Get me out of here!” I muttered, barely loud enough for anyone to hear. I pushed myself through the multitudes of ecstatic girls, hiding from anyone’s sight. This moment was real- this moment was Bid Day.